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Thanksgiving Day.

WILLIAM A. TIERNEY, 1901.

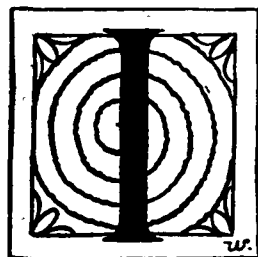
FATHER, a nation's gratitude to Thee
To-day swells from the love-strings of her soul;
Reverberating anthems upward roll,
And waft thanksgiving to Thy Majesty.
From shore to shore all men make jubilee,
And Thy paternal benefits extol,
And from their foreheads blazon forth the scroll
That speaks their homage to the Deity:

See here Thy altars thronged with devotees
Heaping oblations to Thee, Eternal Good;
We can not with sufficient warmth declare
Our hearts' great love, but Thou canst read it there;
And when our tongues' thick eloquence shall cease
These hearts will yet raise psalms of gratitude.

The True Education.*

THE RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)



It has been said that what we long for with all our hearts in our youth shall be heaped upon us in our old age. Now if we can fill the youthful mind and heart with a loving faith in the power and the work of education, if we can make them understand, as your young orator said in the opening address, that "to be is more than to have," that life is the measure of all value, that the richest man is he who has the fullest, the purest, the most loving, the most intelligent life—there is no other wealth but life. One of the Roman emperors, Caligula, I believe, built a golden

stable for his horse, and fed him on gilded oats. Now that golden stable had no value whatever for this horse, neither had the gold on the oats. Why? Because the life of the horse is an inferior life. He is not self-conscious. He is not conscious of the value of anything. He is incapable of reflecting, of weighing, of determining. Consequently where there is no noble kind of life, there is no value whatever. We have read of mad kings, of idiotic kings. Take an idiotic king and surround him with all the pomp and ceremony with which kings are usually attended, and what value has it for him? None whatever. We give value to things. Things are worth to us what we ourselves are worth. Within us is the power of appreciation that creates the value of things. Take the most divine music, the deepest philosophy, the purest love, the highest poetry, heroic courage—take whatever quality or virtue you may, and they are possible only to those who have a life capable of producing or of appreciating them. The highest value then is that of life itself. And when we work to strengthen life, to widen life, to purify life, to give it freedom, to give it adaptability, suppleness, health, strength and endurance, we labor for the best on earth, and possibly for eternity, because religion itself is a process of education.

I told you that the Church was the first great university. All that we do in the church has educational meaning and purpose. It is then in the upbuilding of our own nature that we are concerned when we strive to educate ourselves, when we go to college. It is useless to send any boy to college unless it be possible to persuade him that the first and greatest thing in this world is to be a noble man; that all other things have only relative value. Why is bread valuable? Because it nourishes life. Why are domestic animals valuable to us? Because they minister to our

* A lecture given at Notre Dame, November 17, opening the winter course.

lives. Why are our houses valuable? Because they shelter and protect us; because they give us opportunity for study, for social intercourse. All refers to life. Life is its own end. As God is infinite and absolute over all life, success itself is in Him. And since it is from Him, it is an end in itself. Now you do not look at this in the light in which I have presented; it is not possible. The view that I take must be the result of long experience, of many failures and of few successes. Take it in another way.

What is the money value of education? Money, as you know, is simply the expression of artificial things that is made the equivalent of all the things that we desire in life. Money is the equivalent of the clothes we wear, of the food we eat, of the books we read, of the cars we travel in, and the countries we are unable to visit. Money then is the equivalent of all these. But all these things are valued, as I showed you, solely because they tend to promote life,—to civilize. Take the money-value. Has education the power of gaining money? The money-power of education is far greater than is commonly supposed. Of course, here in America, we are always confronted by self-educated men, self-made men, and there is a prejudice in favor of these. The college boys are a failure. They point to these men, leaders in politics. Some of our greatest men have been self-made men, self-educated men. But take statistics. You say that in our country, even in our day, there is only one in a thousand who receives a college education. Twenty-five years ago there was only one in six hundred, now one in a little over a thousand.

The President of the Western Reserve University took the trouble to look in the encyclopedia of American biography to get an account of all the men who have distinguished themselves in the United States enough to be thought worthy of having their names in the national biography. He found that in fifteen thousand names one-third were college men. You see only one in a thousand goes to college; the result was that only one in ten thousand gets to that degree of distinction that entitles him to a place in a national biography. In other words, the chances in favor of college men are two hundred and fifty to one against those that have never had the advantages of a college education. Now I am talking about vulgar success, not about the very highest and noblest things that are possible to man. The

percentage would be greater, I am sure, if we could measure these things. What does this mean? It means money; for all distinction can be coined into money. You can coin wit into money; you can coin eloquence into money; you can coin virtue into money; you can coin music into money.

The other night in my own city I went to hear a recital on the piano. A lady from Chicago played for over an hour,—she played divinely. I certainly heard nothing that surpassed her skill, and my friend said, "we pay her \$300 for playing this hour. Sometimes she gets \$500." Some great singers get \$3000 a night. A great lawyer gets \$20,000 for a single case. Some surgeons would not take out their knives for less than two or three thousand dollars. Now what gives the lady her great skill on the piano? what gives the great lawyer his great skill? Education,—labor, persistent effort and absolute will to succeed in the direction of his gift, in the line of his vocation. You say it is extravagant to pay a man \$1000 for playing for an hour; but in that hour is concentrated the effort of a lifetime. The great performer must practise two or three hours a day. A great mind must study always, and meditate always, keep itself in a current of fresh ideas. Then the value is there. Education then is money-value, or the distinction, if you become distinguished as a physician. Take a town where there are twenty lawyers; two or three will do all that kind of business that is to be done. A minister who has eloquence can do without a parish. That is the beauty of a man who is master in any one sphere of human activity, that is helpful to his fellowmen. Oh, my heavens! here are you thinking when will freedom come; when shall I be let loose into the great world of men, and no longer be constrained by the sound of the bell to do this or to do that. My God! you will never be free unless you make yourselves free here.

O noble youths, into what a life of torture you are going to throw yourselves unless you acquire here that firmness of will, that strength of character, which alone can make you free. We become subdued to what we work in. Remember that you of this generation, you who are not subdued, you who have but what is called education and not its real powers, you go out into the world under harder conditions than any generation here in America has ever gone. There is a vast army of women doing the work that young men used

to imagine they alone could do, because they alone were permitted to do it. What work are they not doing? And it is going to continue. The woman formerly was considered fit for only one kind of work—she cooked, she spun, she governed in her household. Now talent with her will succeed as with man. She has made the problem more complex for you, unless you make yourselves men. This appeal then is made to you, if you would have a money success. We are free only when we need no man to hire us; he who must be hired is a slave; it is just like being bought by somebody, and the multitude of our men are still slaves. All the great captains of industry who run shops, shut their doors, and these slaves are shut out,—they starve, they become drunkards through idleness.

But if we are to be doctors or lawyers, if somebody must hire us, let us be such a doctor that it is to the interest of the sick man to see you; be such a lawyer that it is of interest to him whose estate is in jeopardy to secure you; be such a musician;—whatever you be, be a necessary man; be a man to whom people come craving services, craving help, and not a man going about asking people to hire you. Here is your opportunity, and that is why this school exists,—to make you so self-contained that you may be able to live on little, if it is necessary to live on little; that wherever you are thrown you will stand upon your feet; you will face the world; you will be able to live, and as the world is constituted, men will come up to you and seek you instead of you going to them. Then if you do take this view of it, be students of your university; be earnest about it. If one of you has an earnest desire to become a great football player, he will make a living after awhile, but in the end the football players do not count in the civilized world.

They who labor with their hands, they who depend upon the athletic condition of their body for success,—all manual laborers are in their prime from twenty-five to thirty-five, maybe younger still, perhaps twenty to thirty-five,—these physical men work with their hands and depend upon their bodily strength and agility for what they gain and their livelihood; before they are fifty, they are old men. Great athletes have ruptured a blood vessel, have got enlarged hearts, rheumatism, are crippled. The laboring man is old at fifty—at forty-five he is an old man, bowed

to the matter that he has worked in so long. Ten years—twenty-five to thirty-five—they are decrepit; and what a narrow life, what a dependent life they have led all this while! The man who has lived in his mind, the man who has risen to this higher nature, and has strengthened his mind and made it enduring and self-active, the man who is living in his imagination, the man who lives in his moral nature, in his character, that man does not reach his prime until he is fifty years old. Aristotle reached the zenith of his excellence at forty-nine. Even at seventy sometimes the man who has used his mind all the while has greater strength than he ever had before. It may be he has a little less physical strength, a little less ardor, a little less brilliancy of imagination than he had in his youth. He is enjoying that which comes to those who have long contemplated immortality, which is wisdom like the soul itself. He grows all the while. He grows from the time he first begins to talk until he is seventy. Some of the great works of literature were written by men of eighty. Those who pay attention to the culture of the mind instead of becoming great athletes will live much longer.

Those who think they have the brightest prospects are in the greatest danger. It is impossible for you to become laborers. You may become tramps, but tramps do not work. It is most unfortunate to have a rich father. It is a most unfortunate thing for a man to think he can depend upon anything but on God and himself. Those who say I need not make a man of myself, my father has money, are utter failures, weaklings, criminals of society, shut up in prisons; idiots, feeble-minded, who have become utterly worthless because they thought they could depend on their father's money—there are millions of money in the estate and yet they are but scandalous tramps. Think of nothing but of that power that God has given you to be a force, and upbuild yourself.

This is the end of education. But like all vital processes it is slow. This is largely an unconscious process. Are you conscious of the growth of your body? Not at all. You are not conscious of the digestion of the food which makes your body grow. Much less are you conscious of mental growth. The whole aim of your being here is not that you may learn Latin and Greek, History and Chemistry; not that you may learn anything in this world, but that you may make your

minds strong, clear, adaptable, and inure them to work. What does it matter if you forget everything you have learned about Greek and Latin? Even the hardest student has forgotten much that he has learned about it. Many a man inside of a few years has forgotten all that he learned about Latin and Greek, knows not a word about it. These things have gone away from him. They were things of the period of his early growth; he needs them no longer. Will you keep on? Not unless you have faith; not unless you yearn to be a man; not unless you believe that better than to be a king is to have a great, open, laborious, self-active mind, a fixed will that is immutable in accordance with the will of God. The body itself should take exercise, and I am in favor of all these bodily exercises which make you more graceful and give you a more perfect mind. In fact, I would say, no boy goes out of college really benefited unless he goes out like the setter into the field with his eyes and his ears open. Unless you go forth eager to read all the vital books of power you will become failures. This is the man I would have come forth from Notre Dame University. This is the man born to be an aristocrat, an influence of Godlike power, to illumine the way for hundreds of thousands. This is the man who will be blessed in himself. To know our work is to have overcome it, to have made it our slave. What we know we have dominated, and as we dominate we become citizens of God's university. To have that freedom which comes alone of obedience to law—that is the only freedom. Liberty! there is no liberty but freedom. He alone is free who has fitted his being to those eternal laws which constitute him an image of God. This is freedom. In college there is a separation, a classification. Seek the better, those who have higher aims, those men of wisdom and learning and experience who can stimulate and guide you and make you citizens of God's kingdom even while you dwell here in body. Thus education is the one power whereby we can make ourselves happy. Happiness is in the self-active mind; the mind that is at home everywhere; the mind that lives in the experience of the hearts of men who know the best in the world. It is infinitely more important for you and me to admire the supreme men and women of our race than to have qualities of our own. And, then, no doubts can weaken your courage; no temptations lead you from the paths of knowledge and virtue.

Varsity Verse.

THEN AND NOW.

1620.

A TINY bark, a pilgrim band,
Upon a lonely, rock-bound shore,
Grouped round their leader silent stand,
Their kind Preserver to adore.

1900.

A people prosperous recall
The blessings that His hands let fall,
And thunder forth with one accord
Thanksgiving to the eternal Lord.

W. H. T.

PEACE.

A crescent, silver-bound with light,
Unclouded sky, soft-stirring breeze;
I'll ne'er forget that hallowed sight,
The crescent, silver-bound with light,
The pale white stars of winter night
The hushed whisp'ring of the trees,
The crescent, silver-bound with light,
Unclouded sky, soft-stirring breeze.

C. L. O'D.

DEATH.

Tread softly: for within this darkened room
A passing angel stooped, and did impress
A kiss upon a sufferer's fevered brow,
And bore his soul away to hear its doom,—
A throne in heaven, or a place in hell.
On bended knee we humbly pray, while now
The body we inter, that it may be
A place in Heav'n for all eternity.

J. L. H.

FICTION AND FACT.

The story-writer aptly turns
The disappointed lover's life
To one long yearning for the lass,
He had always hoped would be his wife.

But usually we find that fact,
Will give the lie to tales like this;
More oft he weds another love,
And spends his life in perfect bliss.

J. L. C.

AS IT WAS AND IS.

In knighthood's day the maiden fair
Was won in tourney bold,
But since, the times have changed, and now
Her hand is won in gold.

P. J. MacD.

MAN.

The dying day at last is gone,
No moon is seen to-night,
And ere the midnight hour is run,
A soul had ta'en its flight.

How silently do we men live,
And more so do we die,—
Like passing hours of the night,
That unaware go by!

L. J. H.

The Under Side of Life.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, 1901.

"The doctor told me you were better, Mary, and I am going back to work to-day." John Bynes, the tender of the ammonia tanks at the Eclipse varnish works, said this as he leaned over the bed of his sick wife. Mrs. Bynes had been dangerously ill for the past few days and her husband had remained with her constantly.

"Yes, go, John; I'll be all right soon," the sick woman replied.

Bynes was almost happy that bright March morning as he kissed his little daughter good-bye at the gate. The air was cold and invigorating and the chilly winds made him quicken his steps. He was a tall, well-formed man, and as he walked briskly along the street bowing to an occasional acquaintance, he appeared to be a man of higher station in life than his clothing indicated. His head was erect, his body straight, and his foot had that elastic spring that indicates the independence of its owner. This morning there was not the accustomed pleasant expression on his face, instead a look of gloom was evident on those well-formed features. The eyes looked sunken, there were blue rings under them, and the whole face showed evidence of deep sorrow.

The shrill whistle blew as Bynes entered the yard of the works. He hurried back to the ammonia tanks without making any explanation at the office for his absence, and hardly noticed the other men.

"Hello! what are you doing here, Bynes?" the foreman of the works, who was passing, yelled. Bynes looked up mechanically from his work.

"Why, I have returned to work, Mr. Austin. My wife—"

"You should have been here two days ago. We can't wait until you get ready to work. Come down from there and let this man tend to those tanks. We don't want you any more."

With this reply the foreman walked away before Bynes could answer.

"There must be something wrong," Bynes thought, and he went through the paint shed toward the office to speak to the president about it. Of course, he could easily explain why he was absent.

"No, Bynes, I can't do anything for you. The foreman informs me that you absented

yourself from the works for two whole days and didn't make any explanation when you came back."

The president of the works turned in his chair, and began to look at some papers on his desk. The other man did not move. He was so stunned that he appeared lifeless.

"I am sorry for you, Bynes," the president went on when he did not answer, "but from what I can learn it is your own fault."

Still Bynes did not speak. This unexpected dismissal had disconcerted him. Slowly his deplorable condition occurred to him in the panorama that was passing in his excited brain, and he saw himself without means to support a wife and child. Good employment like he had was scarce, and though he was aware of this fact he was too proud to beg to be kept. Nevertheless, he wished to retain his position if possible.

"Mr. Sikes," Bynes began at last looking imploringly into the old president's face, "you are turning me out unjustly. If you do not believe me come to my home and ask them where I have been."

The president of the works was busy and he was getting tired of Bynes. Hundreds of men had come to him in the same way. He was firmly convinced that Bynes had been on a spree, and Bynes' poor defense only weakened his case.

"Well, that's enough, Bynes. You'll have to get work some place else. I haven't time to talk any more about it," the president replied in a very emphatic tone of voice.

Bynes divined the reason his employer had for dismissing him, and he felt the repulse keenly. He clenched his fists and his face flushed with anger.

"You and your da—— foreman will regret this some day," was all he could stammer out in his wrath. He hurried out of the office closing the door with a bang.

"Mrs. Bynes is worse and you had better send for her husband," the doctor said when he came. But John could not be found. The little boy who went for him came back without him. Mrs. Bynes continued to grow worse until noon when she was hardly alive. Later in the day, however, she grew better. At night Bynes came back thoroughly tired. He had been walking nearly all day trying to get employment and had failed. When he came into the sick room his wife had only enough strength to raise her hand as a sign of recognition. Poor Bynes saw at once that she was

worse. He came close to the bed and knelt down beside it. The sick woman moved her hand toward him and he took it in his. The little girl who came and knelt beside her father was looking into the expressionless eyes of her mother. The wife and mother turned her head toward them slightly and fell into a deep sleep.

When the child saw her mother sleeping she thought that her mother had died, and began to cry out in terror. Bynes was shocked too, for he feared greatly for his wife. He appeared though to have no feeling. Not a tear came to his eye nor did he speak. He merely walked to and fro in the small room and rung his hands like one in pain. Ten minutes after this unfortunate scene one of the neighbors came running into the house. He told the afflicted man that the ammonia tanks at the varnish works had been blown up and had killed the attendant and that Bynes was suspected by some persons of causing the explosion. Bynes was greatly moved. He saw readily that his position was serious. He determined after a moment not to leave home to escape arrest, and so informed his friends. A good deal of pressure was brought to bear on the poor man in this regard and finally he was prevailed upon to go. The night was cold, and snow was falling as Bynes hurried as fast as he could along the deserted streets. He was tired and hungry, but the excitement of his feverish mind urged him on. Presently he came to the river. The swift current tempted him, and he tried to persuade himself that he would be better off if he threw himself into it. But his Christian heart rebelled against this evil determination, and poor Bynes went on. Unconsciously all this time Bynes had been going toward the varnish works. A fascination that he could not resist drew him there. Before he knew where he was he was looking on at a burning building. It was the varnish works. Bynes became frightened when he discovered this fact, but some strange feeling held him there.

The flames had spread from the ammonia tanks to the pitch bins and then to the varnish room where they received new impetus and spread with greater fury. Large sheets of fire shot into the air, writhed like serpents and disappeared in the darkness. The burning timbers cracked and varnish formed rivulets of fire as it flowed into the street. The roof of the varnish room fell in and two of the large walls fell upon it. The fire had spread

to the office room on the corner. The whole plant was doomed. In the office room on the second floor were valuable papers, money and all the books and records.

"Who will go for them?" some one was saying. It was the secretary of the works who was very much excited.

"Why had not one gone for these things before?" he went on not stopping to wipe the perspiration from his face. "Where is the night watchman?"

The flames were gradually licking up the whole plant. The water the firemen threw on appeared only to increase these destructive elements. The fire engines were pumping and snorting and the men running about stumbling into beds of hot varnish, but all in vain.

A blaze shot out from a window in the office room. Presently a face appeared at the same window. The excited spectators on the sidewalk below were horrified. They strained their eyes to get a look at the face of the unfortunate victim, but a dense volume of smoke completely concealed him. Of course, it is the night watchman caught asleep. The firemen ran for a ladder. The man in the office room seeing that all avenues of escape are cut off, climbed out on the sill of the window and let his feet hang. A look of unconcern mingled with fear was on the man's face. The heat must have grown intense, for the poor man climbed out and hung from the sill by his hands. The spectators looked aghast.

"Hurry, boys!" the chief was yelling to his men. Instantly a ladder was clapped against the wall and a man ran up the rungs. One of the opposite walls of the building fell in, and the one on which the men depended for life trembled to its foundation. The man hanging still retained his hold and the fireman was not scared in the least. But the poor man in the window was exhausted, one hand gives way, the other slips, holds for a moment and relaxes its hold. The fireman was only a short distance away. He wrapped his leg quickly around the ladder. The limp form passes just to the right of the ladder. The fireman braced himself, extended his strong arms and the falling man was suspended. But the force of the fall and the weight of the fireman pulled the ladder too far. The topmost section gives away and the two men come down with the velocity of the wind. Both must be killed. No; the ladder caught fast on a hook left for a large shutter. The shock was violent after the sudden lurch, but the men held on.

The large wall shook, leaned forward and looked as if it would tumble down on the unfortunate men hanging to it, but restraining Providence intervened, and the massive pile of brick and mortar settled again on its foundation. In a moment another ladder is thrown up and the men were brought down.

By this time nearly all the officials and most of the employes of the works had reached the plant. A man came from the opposite side to say that some one had thrown from a window some books and papers and an iron box. The fireman and his charge were carried to the side-walk and left there to recover from their dreadful experience. No one happened to know who the strange man was. Presently the old president of the works came to thank his faithful employe. How keen was his disappointment when he could not recall the face. A moment sufficed to brighten his memory. Mr. Sikes recognized in the man lying at his feet the poor workman he had so harshly turned away in the morning. Great tears came to the old president's eyes, and he bent over the prostrate form and brushed the hair from the pale forehead with the touch of a woman.

Bynes was taken to his humble home and by morning he had recovered his strength. Mrs. Bynes was very much improved and little Blanche a great deal better. The first person to appear at the cottage was a messenger from the varnish works' president who bore very cheering news to the afflicted family.

One of the House of Berkley.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

The house of Berkley was noted for its men of ability. Away back in 1776, when our fathers fought for independence, this house had its beginning. Sir Henry Berkley, the first of the noble line, was the boy who stood on the steps of the House of Parliament, clapped his hands, and shouted to the bellman above: "Ring! ring! Liberty is proclaimed." All down through history this family figures until we reach the last man of the line, Benjamin Berkley, who gave to the world a striking example of courage and tact, and then died.

Benjamin was a great traveller. He went mostly on foot, for various reasons: he could the better enjoy the scenery; it was more beneficial to his health, and besides he was

poor. But Benjamin enjoyed his life, and claimed to have been in every state in the Union.

One day toward evening Benjamin, tired and foot-sore, sought rest in a small village at the bottom of a low range of mountains belonging to the Rockies. Some good old lady gave him his supper, and then sent him to the hay-loft, after warning him to use no tobacco.

The traveller slept well that night, and arose the next morning refreshed with the fragrance of the hay and the lowing of the kine, and the—but I'm speaking of a Berkley. Having eaten a hearty breakfast, he started on his journey over the mountains. He did not care whether or not he ever crossed them, but he wanted to enjoy the scenery. He tramped till sundown, enjoying the beauty of God's work, when he suddenly came upon the ruins of an old shop once used by the miners. The heavy logs used for flooring were fast decaying. Bits of broken machinery were scattered here and there. Not far from the building lay a smoke-stack where it had fallen. It was about twenty feet long, and large enough for a man to kneel upright in it.

Night was fast coming on. Berkley searched around for a place to sleep, but found none better than the old smoke-stack. He crawled into this, and slept soundly.

In the morning Benjamin was awakened by a strange noise. It came from the ends of the stack. Rubbing his eyes he saw two hungry-looking bears standing outside—one at each end of the pipe. Evidently they were seeking their breakfast. Benjamin became a little excited, but did not lose his senses. He did not shriek for help; he was alone on the mountain. Unarmed, he was at the mercy of his captives. What was he to do? What would anybody but a Berkley do in such a case? He did not die of terror or try to strangle the nearest bear and escape. He did what no man in a thousand would have thought of doing. He simply sat down in the middle of the pipe, and when he went out of the stack he went out at both ends.

A MAN's character is best portrayed in a catalogue of the books he reads.

"DETERMINATION is a strong *I will*; stubbornness is a strong *I will not*." The former is the result of good education; the latter springs from lack of such education.

The True Critic an Artist.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

In the magazines and newspapers, we often find some new book reviewed by different critics, and their criticisms are diametrically opposed to one another. Two men, both skilled in book-reviewing, will read the same book and then write out criticisms of it; and their criticisms will be so contrary that no one would ever think they had been whittled from the same block.

One reason for this divergence is that both men have simply given their personal "impressions." Both feel that they are right in their views, and, in fact, they could justify every one of their statements by saying: "That is the way it impressed me." That, however, is no reason; for, as a general rule, no two men are ever similarly impressed by the same object. Each looks at it from his own point of view, and, beside, his own personality or character enters with his judgment to widen the breach between his impressions and some one's else.

Thus we find two men like Mr. William Dean Howells and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne at opposite poles in their estimation of Kipling's works, and we must see that there is a false note somewhere on the key-board of criticism, and until it is tuned we can not have harmony in that realm.

Much of the difficulty could be obviated if the critic, instead of giving his personal impressions, would give good reasons to show why he deduced his conclusions, and then, if his reasons were not strong enough, we could lay the blame where it justly belonged. Some critics like Ruskin can be relied on to give a good criticism simply from their "impressions," because such men have studied the matter for a lifetime; and, besides, they have in themselves a certain degree of creative art. In either case, whether the critic be so skilful that his "impressions" suffice for a good criticism, or gives good reasons for each of his opinions, he can add much to the genuineness of his work if he is himself an artist.

We know that the law of beauty governs all art, because every work of art must be judged according to the degree of beauty it contains. The same law must also govern the domain of criticism; for, though criticism is only rarely a branch of creative art, still the first condition

for any true criticism is the transposition of the critic to the artist's point of view. He must stand where the artist stood, and look at the object as the artist has done; and if the artist was governed by the law of beauty in his work, the critic too must acknowledge its suzerainty in his own branch of art. In other words, he must cultivate some artistic powers of his own. If he does this we shall not be confronted, often in the same paper, with criticisms of the same book that are anything but harmonious.

If the critic is an artist, he will not judge a work of art, using self for his criterion as the impressionist does, nor will he examine it according to set rules and formulas, for true art is never arbitrary. He will rather try to discover and proclaim the hidden beauty of a work, and here again, instead of relying on "impressions," he will base all his judgments on the laws that naturally govern the fine arts. Only the artist can understand these laws, hence the true critic must be an artist to judge art properly. We might stretch this statement a little in behalf of the criticisms of prose compositions, but for all poetry it must remain intact; for "poetry is the artistic development of language," and only art can appreciate art.

Few critical essays will ever be termed classics because they can not stand the test; they have no lasting qualities, especially when based on impressions. The impressions of to-day are lost or changed to-morrow. But the sound artistic judgment based on the law of beauty must stand the test of ages, because beauty never changes its quality.

The impressionist is an unfair, impartial judge, and we can not take his decision as final. Criticism has been termed "the conscience of art." Conscience is a hair-balance in a vacuum, and weighs with lightning-like rapidity the good or bad in human actions. Some one has said that in man conscience is the intellect working according to the moral law, and in art it is the intellect working according to the law of beauty. The true critic bases his judgments on this law, and thus places himself on a coign of vantage whence he can not be removed, while the impressionist bases his opinions on impressions that vary continually, and are drawn from ordinary, commonplace levels instead of being brought down from the heights that the artist reaches.

The critic is a pearl-diver, and his vocation is to seek and bring from their depths the hidden beauties of another's creation. He is

the muezzin perched in his minaret of artistic knowledge to proclaim each new dawn of beauty as it bursts forth. This is his task, and to do it well he must be an artist with a power of comprehension sufficient to embrace the beauty of the work he judges.

Destructive criticism should be discouraged even more than impressionism, because the destructive critic tears down what he could not rebuild, and often the good falls with the bad. Though part of the critic's duty is of this negative character, he detects flaws not for destruction's sake but because every taint detracts from the general beauty. All evil is a lack of good: a stain or scratch on the pure crystal of beauty. His mission is to discover the beauty of art and to show the paths that lead to it. Another Théséus he goes through the labyrinth of art to purge the evil, but also to preserve the good, and his Ariadne's thread must be his own artistic discernment. His office is distinctly positive, and if he does not create beauty himself he is the guardian of the beauty others have created, and he should preserve it unsullied. To do this he must have an artistic keenness—a quality sadly lacking in recent critics—otherwise they would never have allowed such inroads to be made on the realm of art as have been made by the apostles of "Naturalism."

Our critics are not artists. They have not the proper conception of the law of beauty, for if they had they would have kept faithful watch instead of allowing the regions of art to be desolated. See the ravages that result from false criticism. Naturalism is allowed access to the empire of art, and, like a new Attila, plunders her sacred precincts. Men worship an ugly monster and call their idol naturalism; but naturalism is not art in the sense that the Zola and Ibsen school would have us believe.

Art idealizes her subjects, and never presents them to us as naturalism does in all the loathsomeness of reality. But when we are asked why the critics do not denounce this realistic tendency, we can frame no answer except to say those critics were not artists. The artistic critic would at a glance see the absence of the beautiful and the lack of morality that makes naturalism so revolting, and would denounce it. The true artist, working in the critic's chair would not stop with ousting naturalism, but would start a general cleansing, a renaissance in criticism that would perfect and purify the realm of art.

Books and Magazines.

—This second book of the McBride Art Series is just out and devoted to Murillo. We are pleased to see that the necessity of some art study in our Catholic schools and colleges is becoming evident, and that something is being done to arouse the student's interest in art questions. However, while this method of making boys and girls write about pictures without having any understanding of the principles of art may be of considerable help to the teachers of English composition, we can not approve of it as being favorable to the cause of art education, as it advocates the erroneous and widespread opinion in this country that pictures are always intended to convey thoughts and tell stories. The object of painting is different from that of literature, and the student must learn to understand the limitations of the two arts. No art education can be commenced otherwise than by the study of drawing; and not until this study is made compulsory in our schools for at least one hour a week, can there be any hope of giving our young men and women any good understanding of art. It is because they have done this lately in the public schools of Chicago that the Art Institute of that city, with over a thousand students, is now standing at the head of like institutions in America.

—The artistic cover of the Thanksgiving Number of the "Woman's Home Companion" prefigures very interesting reading, nor are we disappointed. Besides much useful information for housewives, the magazine contains many pithy essays, interesting stories, and clever verse. The essay on "Heroines" is, to say the least, unique and original; but we can not admit that Amelia Sedley is an "insipid, non-moral person." We find the dialogue descriptive of Lilian Bell's travels exceedingly clever. Although the description of the Passion Play may at first appear overwrought, let anyone that has seen the play analyze his own feelings, and he will have experienced the same emotions.

—Lancelot Tregrather is the hero of a neatly bound volume by K. T. Hinkson, Benziger Brothers. The hero tells his own story, and we find pleasure in listening to him. He becomes "The Queen's Page," and gives us, in well-chosen words, a sketch of the character of Charles I., Henrietta Maria, Prince Rupert and Lord Fairfax.

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Reporters.

—Our Rev. President left for Fort Wayne a few days ago to be present at the consecration of Bishop Alerding, who succeeds the late kindly Bishop Rademacher of the Diocese of Fort Wayne. The deceased Bishop was always welcome at Notre Dame. He paid the University frequent visits, and we hope his successor will imitate him in this respect. At present we are glad to be able to say that we expect the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding to be with us about the middle of this month.

—In reading college exchanges we notice that the verse of college women is often superior to that of the male students. The excellence does not consist in arrangement, rime sequence, or generally speaking in technique at all, but in the spirit that the young women infuse into their compositions. The element of earnestness predominates. This may be for the reason that they choose better subjects, or because the female intellect develops earlier than the male, or the superiority may be owing to the deeper sympathetic nature of woman. The young men, however, should not begrudge the weaker vessel its ornaments, for in verse the prize does not always go to the strong in intellect.

—The Feast of St. Andrew came so late in the week that it is impossible in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC to give an account of the exercises that took place at Notre Dame on that day. A few remarks, however, on the observation of the Feast will be appropriate. Saint Andrew is the patron of our Very Rev. President, Father Morrissey. We take advantage of the occasion to show how well and dearly we esteem our President, and through him express our gratitude toward those with whom he is united in pursuing a Godlike work. It is meet that we should do this. He is the type of some choice spirits who give up their lives to the noblest work that mortals can do: the work of training and educating Christian young men. And yet, though their toil is of the noblest kind, how insignificant the meed of praise they receive; how slight the recognition given their noble and enduring work.

A missionary always seems glorified in his work. Still, after he has taken the first step, after his first resolve has been acted on, the carrying out of his task is not so impossible as it appears from a purely human standpoint; for the missionary's field of labor usually lies where the flesh is not sorely tempted. His duties are generally of a kind that tend to keep his spirit at its original fever heat.

In comparison with his, how commonplace seems the work of those who undertake to carry on the tasks he has begun. And yet, how great the daily temptations that they who continue his labors have to battle against: the ease near at hand, the feast to be attended, the pleasant companionships, the worldly fame close by. This is the fight that Christian educators of our day have to carry on.

As our civilization becomes more and more complex the ability of the men who direct our higher institutes must increase. Were it otherwise, instead of Catholic colleges and universities showing an increased efficiency they would be an utter failure. Still, how incommensurate with the ability of these directors, and with that of the noble educators that strive with them, is the appreciation and gratitude of the world! Their talents, their perseverance, their self-denial, if run in the channels of worldly affairs, would often win for them the best the material universe holds. These are a few of the general reasons why we think it meet that on certain occasions, our Rev. President, and men of his kind, should be honored.

Dr. Van Dyke's Lecture on Tennyson.

Last Monday Dr. Van Dyke of Princeton University delivered a very interesting and scholarly lecture on Tennyson. The three greatest poets of the nineteenth century, the Doctor said, are Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson. Wordsworth had superior power in his noble and profound application of ideas to life. Browning excelled in aspiration and courage; Tennyson in beauty, symmetry and harmony.

Poetry is musical thought and feeling expressed in musical language. There have been many statues of Apollo, yet only one survives. Many have painted the Madonna before Raphael, yet his is the master work. Expression is a part of art, and in expression Tennyson stands alone. He is great in the age in which he lives.

Tennyson was born in 1809, the same year that gave us Charles Darwin, Mrs. Browning and Abraham Lincoln (How strangely does nature bestow her gifts!). Tennyson lived until 1892, a period of four score and two years. He devoted his entire life to poetry, and at the time of his death he was engaged on a volume of poems.

From the first he had a high conception of the poet's mission, and he kept his light burning and his vessel full of oil all his life. What Millet was to painting Tennyson was to poetry. Millet's colouring was so powerful that none could tell how it was made. There is something like this in Tennyson's art,—nobody can imitate it.

The Doctor then spoke of Tennyson's power of delicate, subtle suggestiveness in the interpretations of human feelings. We can see this by applying his words to our life, to the feelings that come to us at sunset, thoughts of the past and inspirations of the future, vague twilight feelings, grief reflected, thoughts we can not explain,—a longing for something, we know not what. He interprets what seems like the voice of our own hearts.

Tennyson was a master of the music and rhythm of poetry. In this he has no superior except Swinburne whose poetry is nothing else. He possessed in a wonderful degree the faculty of observation, also the quality of versatility. He wrote epics and lyrics and excelled in ten or twelve different kinds of poetry. Tennyson was the greatest poet of the nineteenth century.

H. P. B.

A Loosely Played Game.

NOTRE DAME, 5; RUSH MEDICS, 0.

The game last Saturday between Notre Dame and Rush Medics of Chicago was one of the worst performances that has ever been seen on Cartier Field. The bad weather and the miserable condition of the field had a great deal to do with the work of both teams, but aside from that, our fellows were in no condition to play football. Five of our players had not been out for practice since the Michigan game, on account of sickness, and three other men were cripples. More than this, the men that were on the sick list should not have left their beds. After the first half we had practically a scrub team. Captain Farley went into the game near the close when the Medics began to look dangerous and John gave a good account of himself. He blocked a place kick a moment after he went in, and shortly afterward skipped down the field for a neat run of thirty-five yards. The game was close enough to be interesting, but the fumbling and slipping down of the players and the pelting, penetrating rain that was falling did much to mar the little good playing that was done. Art Hayes, Glynn and Sammon appeared to carry off the honors as far as Notre Dame was concerned. Art appeared in a new rôle, and well did he play his part. Rush's line was no obstacle at all to Hayes; he went through at will. Glynn played another brilliant game, and Sammon outdid himself in his line-bucking.

With the team we put in the field Rush looked like a winner, but the game was not old before our fellows showed their superiority. Faragher, Winter and Staudt, began to get into the Physician's formations before they were fairly started, and tore big holes in the opposing line. Lins and Kuppler raced through openings that Joe Cullinan was supplying at Fortin's old stand, and the Medic stock went down. The quarter-back kick netted us many yards with Diebold's assistance, and our other plays, as Faragher's runs through tackle and Glynn's end runs with Lins' plunges through centre, enabled us to cross the goal line. The result of the game was never in doubt except in the second half, when Rush ran the ball down to our forty-yard line and then punted to Diebold which the quarter-back fumbled. The Physicians fell on the ball on our fifteen-yard

line. Our line was impregnable at this point, and Rush was forced to kick. Tobin fell back for a try for goal, but Farley blocked it. A moment later Farley ran through the whole Rush eleven for thirty-five yards, taking the ball well out of danger.

THE GAME.

Winter kicked off thirty-five yards to Campbell, who came back five yards. Tobin, Linehan and Chirender failed to make the distance, and the ball was ours on Rush's twenty-yard line. Hayes and Lins worked the tackles for good games, and Kuppler looked good for a touchdown, but the ball was fumbled, and the Doctors fell on it. Tobin lifted the oval thirty yards out of danger. Rush recovered the ball on another fumble, but they could not gain, and were forced to punt. Hayes took the ball through the line and outside of tackle for eighteen yards. Hayes punted out of bounds; Tobin returned the punt a moment later, and Faragher regained fifteen yards of the distance. Kuppler broke through tackle for seven yards. Hayes plunged into the line for seven more. Hayes punted, and Glynn fell on the ball on Rush's twenty-yard line. The ball was lost on a fumble, but recovered again when the half closed.

The game was stubbornly contested by both sides in the second half. Sammon kicked off, and McGlew, who had taken Sammon's place at end, fell on the ball on Rush's twenty yard line. Notre Dame was given twenty yards for offside play. On a quarter-back kick Staudt fell on the ball, and Sammon was pushed over the line. Winter missed a hard goal. Rush carried the ball down the field from her twenty-yard line, and regained the pigskin near our ten-yard line on a punt. We took the ball on a blocked kick and with Farley's run carried it to Rush's twenty-yard line where it was in our possession when the game ended.

THE LINE-UP

NOTRE DAME		RUSH MEDICS
Sammon, McGlew	L E	Campbell
Faragher, Kirby	L T	Cody
Winter	L G	Gardner
Gillen	C	Crawford
Staudt	R G	Brunngerder
Cullinan	R T	Gould
Glynn, Farley	R E	Schroeder
Diebold	Q B	Glynes
Hayes, Glynn	R H	Linehan
Kuppler	L H	Chirender
Lins, Sammon	F B	Tobin

Touchdown, Sammon. Referee, Vanduser. Umpire, Mullen. Time of halves, 25 min.

A Fitting Close.

NOTRE DAME, 5; P. AND S., 0.

A victory over the strong P. and S. eleven from Chicago on Thanksgiving Day in a remarkably close and exciting contest, is a most fitting close to a variable football season. We outplayed the Chicago men in almost every point of the game, but they hung on and refused to give over until the game was ended, making the result somewhat doubtful throughout the struggle. Our boys played excellent football at all times during the game. The P. and S. men are a great deal heavier than our men are, and almost every man on the eleven is an old college player of long experience, but notwithstanding that our fellows pushed them up and down the gridiron at times as if they had been pigmies. The strange part of the visitors' play was that they never tried to advance the ball on straight football at all during the whole of the first half. When P. and S. took the ball Major invariably fell back and punted the oval.

When the big guards and tackles of the Chicago men ran on the field there was a lull in the enthusiastic demonstrations that were being made, and a shiver of fear for the outcome ran down the spinal cord of every Notre Dame supporter. Our little fellows looked like Preps beside their husky, rugged-looking opponents. The drooping spirits that prevailed over the whole field were not suffered to last long. After Capt. Buthne had won the toss and chosen the ball, Major lifted the pigskin to Kuppler. On the first line-up Art Hayes ran fifty yards through right tackle. For a few minutes pandemonium reigned on the side lines. After that exhibition of skill and superiority the Physicians lost caste with the spectators, and Notre Dame was sure to be the victor in spite of P. and S's. brave and improved playing afterwards.

To Winter more than to any other man on the eleven belongs the honor and glory of the victory. Standing forty yards at an angle from the goal posts with a strong breeze blowing, our clever centre sent the pigskin squarely between the goal posts. A more difficult goal could hardly be tried; a prettier kick could not be made.

Of course, the other men on our eleven deserve great praise for the brilliant game

Notre Dame played. Hayes, Sammon, Kuppler and Glynn advanced the oval with judgment and skill, as also did Fortin. Farley, Faragher, Staudt, Guillman and Diebold resisted nobly the fierce plunges of the heavy P. and S. backs. The individual work of each man, including Pick and Lins, who came into the game near the close, combined to make a united mass of athletic prowess that the poor Physicians found great difficulty in opposing with the smallest success.

THE GAME.

After Hayes had sprinted fifty yards toward the P. and S. goal, Faragher, Kuppler and Sammon put the oval seven yards nearer. Hayes tried a drop kick and Glynn tackled Comstock on P. and S. ten-yard line. Major punted the ball out of danger on the first down. Faragher, Sammon, Kuppler and Glynn, with a dash around right end for fifteen yards, put the oval on P. and S. fifteen yard line. We should undoubtedly have had a touchdown here, but the ball was taken from us for holding. Major kicked immediately. We ran the ball back again and lost it, and Major punted it back. Dean interfered with Hayes before Art touched the ball, and we were given the ball and a free kick. Winter lifted the pigskin over the cross bar, and the game was ours. During the rest of the first half, and throughout the second half, the ball remained near the middle of the field in P. and S. territory:

NOTRE DAME	LINE-UP.	P. AND S.
Glynn, Sammon	L E	Dean
Faragher	L T	Lockwood
Winter	L G	Major
Gillman	C	Casey
Staudt	R G	Passy
Fortin	R T	Buthne
Farley	R E	Doubtal
Diebold, Pick	Q B	Dunkle
Kuppler	L H	Turner
Hayes	R H	Pickett
Sammon, Lins	F B	Comstock

Goals from field, Winter. Referee, Alexander (Wis.). Umpire, Dave Jackson (Lake Forest). Time of halves, 25 minutes. Time-keepers, Yockey and Jones.

Coach McWeeney returned to the University from Wisconsin in the early part of the week. He had been up among the Badgers giving a clever exhibition of wrestling. Coach O'Dea left for Chicago immediately after seeing his men win the Thanksgiving game on Thursday. Pat is to play to-day with the all-star aggregation of the West against the Yale lawyers. We wish you success, Pat.

Exchanges.

We whose trials and tribulations end with a weekly publication, appreciate fully the time, work, material and agony put into a college daily. This paper is a natural adjunct of the cosmopolitan life of our large universities, and has come, not on account of the ambition of some literary aspirant. The object of the college daily is not to publish poetry, nor to enable some learned Latinian to show in ponderous English the finer uses of *et* and *at*, nor is it to mount on the back of a Swift, and on into the realms of satire and rancor, but to give the daily happenings of a large university. It is often misunderstood and condemned, not for what it is, but for what it might be.

The college daily fulfils its mission. And not only this, but it pulsates with the life about it, and shows to the college many things, imperfection as well as perfection, which the college was scarcely cognizant of. It gives athletics their true place in university life. We admit that under present social and political conditions, athletics have not the importance of the Olympian games, but football or baseball or track work, is a prominent diversion and tends to the development of our colleges materially, physically, and, with proper application, intellectually. The college daily understands this fact thoroughly, and as a prominent college daily lately said, that if it were not for athletics, athletes and their friends the daily would have a very meagre existence. If athletics and athletes were the only means and the end of the college daily's existence, we might not favor it so strongly; but more than that, it sets forth all the news of the university, keeps the university in closer contact to those residing within her sanctuary, and those who have left her fold.

After all has been said we find the editorials of these papers their most interesting part. This is truly the only part of a college paper that can have a marked individuality.

The editorials of the *U. of M. Daily* are written in a spirit of candor and fair play; those of the *Pennsylvanian* breathe a warning note. While the *Daily Cardinal* is inclined to throw down the gauntlet, the *Cornell Sun* and *Indiana Student* breathe a calmer atmosphere. However, it is not fair to judge the editorials by a few issues, for the editor who has blood in his eye to-day may be a Christian gentleman to-morrow.

J. J. S.

Personals.

—Mr. A. Houser of Indianapolis, Ind., paid us a brief visit a few days ago.

—Mr. E. J. Burke of Chicago, Ill., recently paid a visit to his two sons in Holy Cross Hall.

—Mr. Joseph Sullivan (A. B. '97) is making a short stay at the University among his many friends.

—Mr. Albert Krug of Sorin Hall had the pleasure of entertaining his grandfather, Mr. George Stoffel, for the past few days.

—Mrs. M. B. Herbert of Chicago, Ill., is making a brief stay here on a visit to her sons Martin and George of Corby and Brownson Halls.

—Mr. Marcus A. Devine of Chicago, Ill., a student of Notre Dame for a number of years past, spent Thanksgiving here among his friends.

—Mrs. W. E. Richardson of Milwaukee, Wis., has been the guest, during the past few days, of her brother, Mr. Edward Opfergelt of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. John Faragher, also Dr. Wm. Gillen of Youngstown, Ohio, are spending a few days here on a visit to Mr. James Faragher of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Thomas A. Steiner (C. E. '99) of Munroe, Mich., paid a visit to the University on Thanksgiving. His stay here was made pleasant by the meeting of old friends.

—The Rev. D. Mulcahy of Benton Harbor, Mich., and also the Rev. Leo Stauss of St. Joseph, Mich., made a brief stay here during the course of the past week, as the guests of Father Scheier.

—The Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., of the Holy Family Church, Chicago, has been the guest of Professor J. G. Ewing for the past few days. Father Sherman is the son of the late General W. T. Sherman.

—Mr. J. N. Antoine of Somonau, Ill., accompanied by his wife, is spending a few days at the University on a visit to his son Lawrence of Carroll Hall. Mr. Antoine was a student here during the years '69-'71.

—Mr. Thomas Cavanagh (A. B. '97) and Mr. James Barry (A. B. '97) of Chicago, Ill., spent Thanksgiving at the University on a visit to their many friends and, incidentally, to attend the football game. Mr. Barry is at present connected with the Chicago *Evening Journal*.

—Mr. Edwin Pick of West Bend, Wis., is making an extended visit to his brother, Mr. John Pick of Sorin Hall. For the past few years Ed had been a prominent member of our track team, and he has a host of friends here that would be pleased to see him remain with us.

The Gymnasium Building-Fund.

I have received so far \$1704.00 for the Gymnasium Building-Fund, and of this amount \$1275.00 was contributed by persons that are not Alumni. The Alumni in various places are talking of sending in contributions, and, as Secretary of the Committee, I am more or less grateful for the sympathy; but if you do not mind, I should prefer a few loads of brick. At Commencement a number of the old fellows come here and talk with tears in their eyes of ancient days and Christian Education. That is pretty; but get down into your pockets, gentlemen.

Milton Smith, Chicago, Ill.....	\$100
Rev. P. A. Baart, Marshall, Mich.....	25
Friend, Notre Dame, Ind.....	100
Friend, South Bend, Ind.....	1000
W. A. McAdams, Williamsport, Ind.....	25
Very Rev. F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.....	50
George Cartier, Luddington, Mich.....	25
J. G. Kutina, Chicago, Ill.....	1
O. H. Woods, Avon, Ill.....	1
Lucius Hubbard, South Bend, Ind.....	50
Dr. F. H. Schlink, New Riegel, Ohio.....	5
Chute Bros., Minneapolis, Minn.....	10
F. T. Slevin, Peoria, Ill.....	10
Rev. A. Messman, Laporte, Ind.....	25
O. Chamberlain, Elkhart, Ind.....	10
T. T. Ansberry, Defiance, Ohio.....	5
Rev. P. J. Crawley, Lebanon, Ind.....	20
W. H. Welsh, Chicago, Ill.....	10
Miss Lizzie Ryan, Philadelphia.....	5
William P. Grady, Chicago.....	10
Willam P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind.....	100
A. M. Jelonak, Chicago, Ill.....	2
Ed W. Robinson, Chicora, Wayne Co., Miss..	15
Gilbert F. McCullough, Davenport, Iowa.....	10
A. M. Prichard, Charleston, W. V.....	5
Friend, Lafayette, Ind.....	10
Austin O'Malley, Notre Dame, Ind.....	25
John H. Sullivan (for son John, St. Edward's)	
Valparaiso, Ind.....	25
Peter F. Casey (for son Grover, St. Edward's)	
Chicago, Ill.....	25

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

Local Items.

—NOTICE.—At the entrance to the Students' Office there is a box for contributions to the SCHOLASTIC. It is meant for locals, personals, or notes of any kind that may be of general interest. All contributions should be placed in the box not later than Thursday, if the contributor wishes that they should be published on the following Saturday of the same week.

—FOUND.—Two rings; owner, please apply to the Rev. Prefect of discipline.

—PROFESSOR: Who was Mercury?

STUDENT (thoughtfully): Wasn't he god of Thermometer?

—Sedgie is at work on a new book to be entitled "Gleanings from Jakeville."

—Belong to the True Guard of Honor of Notre Dame, and contribute to the new-gymnasium fund.

—James J. Corbett of St. Joseph's Hall is taking daily exercise for the development of a healthy thorax and sound vocal chords.

—Who are the most desirous of seeing the new gym up soon?

The students.

Then, let's feel in our jeans.

—There is a possibility of a lawsuit between Joe and Sedgie in the Moot Court. Both claim the copyright to that beautiful poem entitled "An Ode to the Trust."

—Santa Claus has a good chance to distinguish himself this year at Notre Dame. We need a new gym. Let's all play him; we won't miss giving a little out of our Christmas coin.

—SNYDER: The goat is gone.

S. M. ITH: Well, what of that?

SNYDER: Where are you going to get butts?

SANDBANK: Wouldn't that ice you?

LAKE WATER: What?

SANDBANK: A low barometer.

—A WORD TO THE WISE.—Why can't we give a dollar, or five or ten toward the rebuilding of the new gym as those outside friends of Notre Dame are doing? Little drops of water, etc., you know how they count

—A WRINKLE.—When the old man sends money to pay your expenses home at Christmas you might give him a hint that you'd like an extra five spot to contribute toward the new gymnasium. He won't think as much about athletics as you will.

—Last Sunday the Specials of Carroll Hall defeated the second team of St. Joseph's Hall by a close score of 6 to 5. Curtis of St. Joe failed to kick goal in the second half. Capt. Riley of the Specials made the touchdown and Ritchie for the other side. Riley, Crowley, McDermott, Strong and Sheekey played the star game for the Specials, and Ritchie, Curtis, and Casey for the St. Joe team. The Specials have not been defeated this year.

—Look!—In the list of contributions to the new gymnasium fund can be seen the names of two fathers who have given donations for their boys. By the way, fellows, some of us are old enough to do that ourselves and save our dads the trouble.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting and rendered the following programme: Love Story by Mr. Dolan. Impromptus by Messrs. Bauman, McCarthy, Lantry and McNeil. Recitations by Lyman and McAlpine; Mandolin solo, Lawton. Debate, Resolved: that

dormitories should be abolished at boarding-schools." Affirmative, Messrs. Green and Wagner; negative, Messrs. Rush and Johnson. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. The Philopatrians' Journal was read by the Corresponding Secretary. Mr. Talcot, the Critic, gave his report on the meeting. A very interesting programme has been arranged for the next meeting. Mr. Wagner entertained the society with some choice selections.

—The Parliamentary Society met Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of discussing whether the government should furnish a system of irrigation for Western lands. One Joseph Sullivan realizing how Mr. Bryan captured the Democratic nomination in 1896 by an outburst of oratory, took the floor and was talking for ten or fifteen minutes on irrigation and the pulsation of the heart before the audience knew what was taking place. As soon as the audience "came to," a Mr. McDonough considering that Mr. Sullivan's speech was not only harmless but wholesome, moved that the rules be suspended, and that Mr. Sullivan be given an opportunity to "throw out the hot air." The motion was carried, and Mr. Sullivan "warmed up" the house for three quarters of an hour. After Mr. Sullivan finished, another young man took the floor and told the audience something about Mr. Spencer and Mr. Huxley. The assemblage was very much disappointed in not hearing something about these from Joe, but, no doubt, if his time had not been limited to forty minutes he would have reached them. After the speeches the society passed a unanimous vote in favor of immediate irrigation so that Mr. Sullivan and a few more spellbinders could go and take a swim when the Parliamentary Society meets.

—"A fellow can acquire a great deal of information without any intention of doing so, just trying to be agreeable," said a little short man to the writer.

"Now, the other evening I strolled into Sorin Hall reading room, and saw a classical looking young man with a heavy beard, seated in a chair listening to the concert. His hair looked just like Paderewski's whom I happen to know pretty well, and just for the sake of being sociable, I sat beside him and engaged in conversation. A little boy was playing the piano, and a stubby gentleman called 'Tommy,' was singing 'I don't know why I love you, but I do.'

"How are you?" I inquired of the man in the chair.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he replied, "I don't know just how I feel. You know music has a mesmeric power over the minds of men, whom it makes brave, or gay, loving or sad according to its spirit. My friend Tommy sang 'Because I love you' just before you came in, and it made me feel as if I must go

through life proud of myself, winking confidently at the good-looking girls and spending large sums on clothers. But when Tommy finished 'Because I love you' he struck up 'Arah! go on, you're only foolin',' and I became disgusted, ashamed, sure that no woman could ever love me, and resolved to bother no more about the needs of shaves, the necessity of keeping the trousers creased, and the advisability of a costly wardrobe. And I tell you, my friend, I am a musician and a composer myself, and I don't believe in sentimental rot either."

RUE DE BOLONGE, MARSEILLES.

Nov. 20, 1900.

MINE DEAR HERR VON HAAKE:—In the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC I read by mineself dat you was in college there at Notre Dame, und was making a big hit already yet. I was so glad of dat und I was think to mineself. Oh! if Adolph was yet here I would with mineself shook hands; but as is already said, "What is not to be, can't be, und therefore was not." But yet, to hence mit such thinks; mine country, mine family, und mine beesness demands dat I was keep mine face shut. If dat obstacles was not already yet, I would told you sumtings dat I hafe upp mine coat-schleeve, vich vill yet make dat John Bully feel like a lamb schorn mit his wool off. Enough said already once. Some more I vill told you already yet pretty soon.

I was getting a great reception by de Frenchies. Me und Louvet was eat side by side on de tables by der Hotel La Punkerino, mit Rue de La Calais straus on. Ach, id vas greatness. Pigles, schlobsters, hairish onions, und vine, und clay pipes, und blenty of udder tings I vas eat by mineself, all fur nuthins. Adolph, venever you cum by French, eat yourself by dat Hotel Punkerino.

I never shook hands by minself so often as ven I vas here. Dem Frenchies chust make demselves right at home mit me und called Oom und Viva La Kruger und some more off dose bet names. I schust actually vish I could sthay here mit mineself. But it vas not so. Howsumever ven I becum King of Hingland und St. Hellina I vill drop mineself over here yet a few times und eat sum more off dat schlobster, und dose udder tings.

Und now Adolph, how you vas, ain't it? If dat Meyers would cum by you und say dat he was bet two too ine on Lord Robbert, took him upp. Schust make him feel dat I have yet sum backing. Allso told dat Uffendell dat I vas glad to see he vas not yet lost by der voods in. Send me your pigtire ven you vas know dat mine Capidal vas yet safe und I vill hang it upp by the vall on. Give mine combliments to Uffendell und mine luff to yourself, und schust ven you got time right me. Adjew.

Yours mit both feedth,

OOM P. KRUGER.

—MR. ED.:—The more I ponder over the advice you gave me in your last issue, the more I am convinced that you should come out of your fussy old den and meet me face to face. It makes my blood boil to think that I can be insulted with impunity by anyone, without getting satisfaction. I come from Texas and have been used to canned tornadoes, roasted cyclones and boiled cloudbursts since my childhood, but I never received such an unwarranted insult during the whole of my stormy and humorous career as the one offered by you. Sir, do you know what I would like to do with you? I would like to take you outside and jump on the bosom of your clean white shirt (if you have any) with both my No. 9's, and then force you to eat the words you have uttered against me. What cause have you for saying that all my thoughts are borrowed? No educated person can make such a statement and continue to breathe in the fresh air of our glorious state. This statement I make with unusual emphasis, and I am firmly resolved to see that it is carried out. Therefore, Sir, I demand either an apology or your scalp. Hoping to hear from you soon.—M. R. SON.

Your note convinces us that we were right in our statement that your thinker is beyond assistance. The only advice we can give you now is, keep cool and do not disturb your equilibrium with such violent thoughts as you entertain toward us at present. It only renders your case more hopeless. Of course, we would like to meet you face to face, but can't you send us your photograph, and spare us the trouble and pain of hunting you up and looking you square in the eyes? Our time is so limited we can not spare even one minute for amusement. You say you are afflicted at times with boiling of the blood. That's not going to bring us any new subscribers. We appreciate, however, your kind offer to jump on the bosom of our clean, white shirt (and we have one) with your No. 9's, but we have had considerable experience with clean, white shirts, and feel convinced that the bosom was not intended for such purposes. Neither have we as yet developed an appetite for words, and must therefore forego the pleasure of eating these words you have prepared for us. You say you are a native of Texas, and that the bill of fare down there consists chiefly of canned tornadoes, roasted cyclones, and boiled cloudbursts. How delightful! We almost envy you. But what's the use? We feel content breathing in the fresh air of this glorious state. The request you make for either an apology or our scalp has placed us in a very embarrassing position. To send you an apology would be to acknowledge our guilt, while if we sent our scalp it would inconvenience us a great deal and especially in such cold weather. We might be able perhaps to send it to you a little later on. Adieu for the present.—ED.